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Easter

1941

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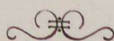
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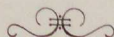


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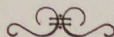


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Peabody High School Observer

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Susan's Easter Bonnet

Gwen Roberts was quite certain she heard a knock on her door. But who could it be at this time of night she thought. Hastily throwing her robe about her shoulders, she went to the door and opened it. To her great surprise she found Susan Kennedy, one of the seventy-five English refugee children who had been temporarily established at The Mansfield Home for Children. Gwen had grown to love each and everyone of the children since their arrival.

"Why Susan," she said, "what are you doing up this time of night?"

"I wanted to tell you about the Easter bonnet I saw in a store window today," cried Susan excitedly. It's pink with all sorts of ribbons and tiny little flowers on it. Oh! it's just the prettiest little hat you ever saw — and I'd love to have it for Easter."

"Susan", said Miss Roberts, don't you remember what Miss Gregory and I told you children about clothing. It wouldn't be fair for us to buy you that hat, and not get anything for the other children. And you know it is impossible for us to buy clothing for seventy-five boys and girls."

"I'm sorry, Miss Roberts," said Susan. I appreciate what you've done for me already. Maybe if I pray real hard, I might be able to have it."

"I'm sure you will," replied Miss Roberts. Now off to bed with you."

"Good-night, Miss Roberts," said

Susan leaving the room.

"Good-night, darling, sweet dreams," replied Miss Roberts.

Gwen arose early the next morning, for she had a great deal of work before her. After she had washed, dressed, and eaten her breakfast, she was ready to begin her task. Opening her bag, she took out a slip of paper which contained a list of the names of the people who had volunteered to take some of the children into their homes.

The first name on the list was the wealthy Mrs. Van Arden. Upon her arrival at the stately mansion of the Van Arden's, Miss Roberts was shown into the drawing room where the socially prominent Mrs. Van Arden was waiting for her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Van Arden," greeted Gwen in a friendly tone, "I'm from—"

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Van Arden. Now about the girl I may be willing to take. She must be well born. She must be pretty, a potential "debb". She must be orderly and quiet, and she shall not have a radio and play it in her room. I have very sensitive ears. I must insist upon a girl with a background — a peer's daughter, perhaps—"

Miss Roberts stood up. "I have no girl to suit you, Mrs. Van Arden. Our girls come from middle-class homes, some from farms. I think you were mistaken in ever thinking you wanted one. Now if you'll

excuse me, I have other appointments."

Outside once again, Miss Roberts looked for the next name on her list. This was more like it Gwen said to herself as she glanced down at the name of Dr. and Mrs. John Steele.

"What a remarkable difference," said Gwen as she entered the front door, greeted by Mrs. Steele, an elderly lady with gray hair and a smiling face.

As they went into the living room, there was Dr. Steele sitting in his large arm-chair smoking his pipe and looking as contented and comfortable as anyone could possibly be.

"No questions about our girl yet, John, until Miss Roberts has her lunch," said Mrs. Steele as she brought in a tray with steaming hot tea and sandwiches.

There was no talk at all until Gwen had finished the excellent food prepared by Mrs. Steele.

"Do you know exactly what you want?" asked Gwen.

"A girl," said Mrs. Steele.

"But how old? Dark? Fair?"

"That doesn't matter," said Mrs. Steele. We once had a little daughter, but—"

Her voice broke, and Miss Roberts could see the tears forming in her brilliant blue eyes.

"As long as we can hear the sound of a young voice again, it doesn't matter what kind of a girl you give us," continued Dr. Steele.

Miss Roberts leaned back, closing her eyes, and at once she saw the children — dark-haired, blond-haired, brown eyed, blue eyed.

There was Jane and Peggy and Gloria and Susan — Susan — Why Susan was just the one she thought.

"I think I shall give you Susan," Miss Roberts finally said. She is ten years old, has blue eyes and blonde hair. She has been terribly frightened, and is a very brave little girl.

It was still lightsome outside when Gwen returned to the Home, and most of the children were outside playing. Unable to find Susan, she went up to the room which was shared by Susan and several of the other girls. Opening the door quietly, she entered the room to find Susan in front of the window on her knees gazing up into the sky.

"Susan," said Miss Roberts, "why aren't you out playing with the other girls? You need the fresh air."

"Oh! Miss Roberts," I didn't hear you come in," said Susan running over to Gwen. I've been praying all day for my bonnet."

"Susan," said Miss Roberts, I've got something to tell you which is much more important than bonnets. I called on some very lovely people today who wanted a little girl to live with them. I told them I thought you were just the right girl for them. Would you like to go, Susan?"

"But, Miss Roberts," replied Susan, "I'd have to leave you and all the others. I would be terribly lonely."

"Yes, but just think, Susan, you would have a real home again with folks to look after you much bet-

ter than we here at the Home can. They'll buy you all sorts of clothes and toys just as you had in England. You'd like that, wouldn't you, dear?"

"Oh! yes, that would be wonderful. It would be — Why, Miss Roberts, I just thought, do you suppose they would buy me my Easter bonnet? Do you?" said Susan excitedly.

"Oh, darling, I'm quite certain they would," answered Miss Roberts.

After the farewell party which was held in her honor, Susan left with Dr. and Mrs. Steele.

Easter morning finally arrived. It was a beautiful day. The dew on the grass glistened like drops of purity beneath the rays of the warm sun, and its golden light seemed to rest upon everything. Miss Roberts was on her way to the Easter services with the children when she saw coming toward her Susan. She was walking happily along with Dr. and Mrs. Steele, and on her blonde curls was perched the little pink bonnet which she loved so much. Never, thought Miss Roberts, would she forget the look of peace and happiness on Susan's gentle face. Yes, her prayers had been answered.

Eleanor Lawrence, '41.

Easter Coincidence

It was a bright sunny morning as a streak of sunlight shone through the kitchen of the Rowe house. It was the Saturday before Easter and so much to be done. Mrs. Rowe was busy preparing the festive ham and all the trimmings for the Sunday dinner.

Beverly Rowe sat in another corner of the kitchen sewing a yellow net on her Easter Bonnet. "I'll have a hat just as nice as that Jane O'Brien," she murmured determinedly. "Please, Beverly," said Mrs. Rowe, "Eat your breakfast quickly as I have some errands for you to do downtown. Beverly, not paying much attention to her

Mother's urgent request, pranced daintily around the kitchen in her bonnet — from the mirror in the kitchen to the mirror in the living room — proudly admiring herself.

Then suddenly her older brother Raymond came down the stairs in an uproar. "Why didn't you tell me it was five minutes past ten? I'm supposed to be playing 'scrub' with the fellows," he exclaimed. Hastily he swallowed a glass of milk, filled his pockets with ginger snaps, snatched his hat and glove, and that was the last of Raymond for several hours.

Mrs. Rowe was writing down several different articles she wanted

her daughter to purchase. Beverly, still as nonchalant as ever, paid no attention to her mother who was giving her specific details. Beverly was more interested in improving her exclusive bonnet.

As she sped away in her sport roadster to the store she continued to think—June was having an eight dollar suit — Hum! Maybe hers was only a six dollar one but it was just as nice, she was certain. Jane was Beverly's chief rival and she was making it her point to see that she would look as nice as Jane O'Brien, if not better.

Late that evening Beverly tried on her entire outfit and examined herself critically from head to toe. Finally, she retired about ten-thirty, confident that she did look rather attractive in her Easter finery.

Easter morning was a very exciting morning for Beverly Rowe. Her dashing brown eyes and her wavy brown hair added to her very exquisite outfit. On the way to church she greeted everyone good morning in her most charming manner. When she went into the church she sat in the center aisle to be sure no one would miss her. Unconsciously she looked about and directly across the aisle from her sat Jane O'Brien with a suit exactly like hers. Beverly turned red, then white. She felt a cold shiver run up and down her back and she looked again. Yes, it really was Jane O'Brien.

All during the sermon she planned what was to be done with

Jane. What right had she to have a suit like hers? She was very angry; she could not bear to look at that horrible creature across the aisle!

After everyone was leaving the church Jane came up to Beverly before Beverly had a chance to speak.

"Oh Beverly," she said, "You look so nice, and your suit it's just like mine, how thrilling!"

"Ye-Ye-Yes," replied Beverly, "so it is." "Why Beverly, do you know that my mother met your mother in town the other day and when I heard you had a new suit, I just knew that I wanted one too. I really won out in the end. I'm glad we have them alike too, aren't you,"

"Why, a-aa-a yes, I am too," replied Beverly.

"What a coincidence!" exclaimed Jane. "By the way Beverly, wouldn't you like to come over to my house this evening, that is, if you're not having company or anything like that — there are so many things we could do. You know Dad has remodeled the cellar."

"Oh, I'd love to," replied Beverly. "I'll see you at seven," said Jane.

Beverly never walked home from church so fast in all the Easter Sundays she had known. She was really convinced that Jane was a grand girl friend, and not the jealous creature Beverly had often considered her to be.

Martha E. Quinlan, '41.

The Guiding Light

It has been said that a person is never less alone than when alone. This is particularly true today with the various radio programs purposely designed for our idle moments. Entertaining, educational, and, above all, thought-inspiring, they never leave us with a dull moment.

Recently, when turning the dials of my radio to find a program of my liking, I was attracted by the immediately-recognized sincerity of a voice which uttered these words, "There is a destiny which makes us brothers — None goes his way alone. All that we send into the lives of others comes back into our own."

So impressed was I by the thought evidenced in these striking words, that I automatically turned off the radio to reflect on its full significance. As a result of this moment of contemplation, that quotation is lodged within my mind and although I am not ever-conscious of it, it quickly strikes the chords of my memory whenever I am an observer of an act of unproclaimed valor or thoughtful kindness.

The precise thought of those words readily comes to me when I consider the humane activities of my fellow students in Peabody High School, who, as members of the Junior Red Cross, filled stockings with toys, small articles of clothing and delicacies and then distributed the same among those

who would not otherwise have a happy Christmas because of the troubled times in which we are today living. There was no thought of gain, no thought of public acknowledgement — merely the thought of making someone happy.

The Junior Red Cross has no real financial support as has the National Red Cross, of which it is a branch, and consequently, its contributions to happiness were not so large as to cause general recognition of their sacrifices. But their bits of humaneness, I know, warmed the hearts of many poor unfortunates.

In these stressing times there are many who, fortunate enough to do so, offer financial assistance and even sacrifice a bit of their worldly possessions to charitable sources. Others with perhaps the same degree of kindness, give their time by constantly sewing, remodeling, repairing, and painting useful articles. Still others can but give encouragement and sympathy to those less fortunate. But all these proffer happy moments to others, and in that knowledge, are most happy themselves.

It is a great personal satisfaction and pleasure to know that you, in your own way, have helped to maintain interest and happiness in the heart and life of some individual, who, through poverty, heart-hunger, or misunderstanding finds his existence an unhappy one.

In contrast to these kind souls,

there are those who wrap themselves in their own contentment and are totally oblivious to another's cares, sorrows, and misfortunes.

If only we could awaken these individuals to the problems of others by invading this barrier of contentedness. How much better the world would be; if, after breaking down the walls of this imagined "Utopia," we could stimulate the interest and emotions of its citizens to the degree of making another person contented with his environment.

But, alas, people living in this realm, think only of themselves and do not allow the heart-aches of others to penetrate the walls of their selfish worlds. If they could only experience the real pleasure derived by creating happiness and cheer, they would immediately tear down these walls of self-centeredness and prepare for a fuller life. If they could but realize, in the words of Elbert Hubbard; that, "God does not look us over for diplomas, degrees, or awards, but for scars."

Are we not, in reality, all brothers and sisters, regardless of race, creed, or color? Are we not all mutually dependent on one another? Is not all sorrow less with bread? The answers are obvious.

Brotherhood and sympathy are as necessary to man as are the fundamental necessities of life — food,

shelter, and clothing. Yet we go merrily on our ways, ignoring some, creating the enmity of a few, injuring still others — always looking out for ourselves.

But invariably, when the span of years allotted to us by the Greatest Humanitarian is ebbing to a close and the past years parade kaleidoscopically before us, we can only be utterly disappointed in what we have been. Here I can but think of the words of Pope:

"Thus unlamented passed the
proud away,
The gaze of fools and pageant
of the day!
So perish all whose breast
ne'er learned to glow
For others' good, or melt at
others' woe."

We young people of today must stop and consider how those before us have wasted precious years, realizing only their own desires, thinking and living in an artificial world which they called "Happiness," when the only true happiness is the realization of another's joy through our own personal efforts.

"All that we send into the lives of others, comes back into our own"

Alice Zaleski, '41.

"The man who would be truly happy should not study to enlarge his estate, but to contract his desires."
Plato.

The World Is Too Much With Us

In this age of human advancement the world plays a most decisive part. It is continuously with us pouring in a steady stream in the form of metals, minerals, foods, plants and animals — its entire wealth into the coffers of mankind. With these offerings man gradually lifts himself into a superior world by his ability to adapt himself to new environments. Gradually the people have risen from the dark ages of ignorance to the new ages of science and intelligence. This all has been accomplished with the world as the supply base of mankind.

But it has never occurred to the people of this universe that the world is too much with us. By its assistance in the form of raw materials it develops mankind to a high degree of efficiency. Of course, all these important factors are taken as a matter of course. Let us see precisely what the world has helped to complete for the benefit of man.

During the last few centuries a new era of science is acknowledged. Man has created new industries and new worlds of knowledge. His rapid advancement in mentality has been in perfect harmony with the application of his knowledge to practical work. Naturally, under such circumstances new inventions and discoveries have developed, good as well as bad.

Today we have accomplished what a few short years ago was believed to be impossible. We own such inventions as the steamboat,

electricity, airplane, telegraph and telephone, automobile, locomotive, and many others too numerous to mention. The above merit credit, indeed, but are all inventions beneficial to mankind. Because of the aggressive character of certain races, however, it has been necessary to develop machines of destruction. The machines, masterpieces in themselves, are used defensively and more often offensively. Thus man with his own ingenuity has set the scene for his own destruction, as well as preservation.

However, assuming the more pleasant point of view, all this is naturally advantageous to mankind, but it has evolved several important weaknesses. The world is constantly with us and as a result we are rather lulled into comparative security. Many, as a matter of fact, believe the world owes them a living, while the exact opposite seems apparent. This particular class of individuals has been an obstruction on the road to a greater and more highly developed civilization. This class has been content to remain at its present status; low as it is, and exists merely for the recreation of life. They differ entirely from the other — a progressive, farseeing, intelligent type of the most complete literary and artistic character. These light-minded characters who believe only in devouring the harvests of superior men are actually, sub-

consciously perhaps, preventing the world civilization as a whole from functioning at its greatest efficiency. These comparative few are self centered to a certain extent, but not in the right sense of the expression. Wandering hopelessly, they are performing the necessary processes of life for the present with no thought whatsoever of the future.

Yes, these are the ones to whom the world owes a living, the weakest of the whole human element. Fortunately, as the world expands these slackers shall find that the flowers of life are yet to be raised.

In this modern world realities rather than dreams determine the process of world structure. Naturally, the slacker does not possess these traits of character which tend toward realities. He has, however, those dreams of smiling fortune and a willing hand outstretched guiding him to fabulous riches and immense wealth. In the very near future a new world shall be developed, one in which the scientific field shall predominate and influence the peoples of the world.

William Safchuk, '41.

A READER'S WOE

People just don't "say" things now,
They "claim" it's not the mode,
Those who are in the "know," I mean,
And travel the literary road.

Today the author's novel runs,
Along somewhat like this,
Mrs. Brown today "declared,"
Or Mame will "reminisce."

When Susie May, the butcher's daughter,
Came home with shoes all muddy,
"March right upstairs and into bed,"
"Scolded" Mrs. McGillicuddy.

And sometimes Mrs. Smith "replies,"
Or Mr. White "reflects,"
But more than often Mr. Brown,
To his wife "objects."

No, people just don't "say" things now,
As you, no doubt, can see;
But as far as I'm concerned,
Things are "said" by me.

Geraldine Bisson, '41

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE?

I hadn't seen Fritz for years. He looked rather pale and depressed beneath his outward show of joviality. I found myself thinking that perhaps a quiet evening at my home would raise his spirits. He accepted an invitation to dine at my house with apparent pleasure and graciously accompanied me home.

As we sat amiably chatting before the fiery hearth, the smoke of our after-dinner cigars drifted languidly about the room. At last Fritz surrendered to the dreamy atmosphere of the room and seemed to reflect a moment; then, in a slow voice he began to tell me the story I had been waiting for all evening.

"Marshall," said Fritz, "you are a very fortunate man. There are few, indeed, in Germany today who possess a home as fine as yours. In fact there are, in spite of the splendid work of your American Red Cross, a great number of people who have no home at all! However, it was not always so, as you well know.

"I remember a scene that came to my attention two or three years ago — the spring just before the great war started.

"It was a warm spring evening and Hans Stronheim sat with his sleeves rolled up in harmony with the weather and at peace with the world. Beside him on the steps of their tiny brown house sat Hans' wife, watching a group of children playing in the street.

Suddenly the quiet of the evening was shattered by a screeching of tortured tires as a large

black sedan careened around the corner a hundred yards down the street. It came hurtling down the narrow street at terrific speed.

The group of children looked up from their play at the screech of tires and as they perceived the car bearing down on them, had moved toward the side of the road — all except one little boy who apparently could not move so quickly as the other children. He started toward the side of the road, dragging one paralyzed leg behind him.

"However, he moved too slowly and the great black car was upon him. He shrieked and threw his arm up before his face as though to shut out the sight of approaching death. The sedan slowed not a bit and with a sickening thud, hit the boy who flew to the side of the road where he lay quite still; the black sedan went rapidly onward.

"Hans had left his seat when he realized the child's danger, but had not been able to prevent the tragedy. He had time only to form a split-second picture of a man in government uniform, never hesitating as he drove his car mercilessly toward the child. One other thought penetrated his mind — the sedan bore a large insignia upon the door, the governmental hooked black cross.

"Hans' great running strides quickly took him to the injured boy's side. One look told him the truth — the boy was dead.

"He lifted the lifeless form in his strong arms, a series of convulsions passed over his great

frame as he lifted his head and cried in a hollow voice—

“‘Mein Gott! Mein Gott! What have they done to my son?’

“Hans’ wife, who had remained sitting upon the step as if in a trance during the whole of these actions, had finally risen and came tottering toward Hans. When she reached him she looked at the child and then at Hans who was now staring fixedly at the small burden in his arms. To the questioning look which his wife gave him, Hans nodded his head and said, ‘Ach, he is dead.’

“The day after his son was buried, Hans made a trip to Berlin on the trolley. He went directly to the office of the police. There he explained the catastrophe and quietly demanded the murderer of his son be punished.

“The officer after hearing his story, referred Hans to his immediate superior, to me, if you please, in my office as local Gestapo agent.

Here Fritz paused, and it appeared to me that a slight, nervous ripple passed over his frame. Then he went on —

“After listening to his story, I was forced to tell the brave man that there was nothing we could do because the man had apparently been a messenger of the government on some important mission.

“Hans left my office with a peculiar expression upon his face. A few days later I received a yellow slip of paper. I knew without looking at the printing that it was a ‘passport to hell’ as it is known in the inner circle; a slip, only re-

quiring my signature, to snatch some civilian from his every day life to that man-made hell, the concentration camp.

“As I focussed my attention on the terrible document, a name immediately stood out to me; it was Hans Stronheim. Beneath his name was the usual paragraph of official language containing the charge against the defendant. It seemed that after failing to see official retribution overtake the murder of his son, Hans had taken to making speeches, speeches against a government that would allow such an act as the killing of his son to go unpunished.

“The document condemning Hans had been signed by a military court and it was only necessary for me to affix my signature to start Hans on the journey from which few men returned.

“With some distaste I reached for my pen — suddenly, I knew that I could not, I would not sign that paper. I was tired of sending men to a living, lingering death. I tore the paper into four pieces, then I tore the pieces into smaller ones until there was nothing but a few shreds in my hands.

“The next day I was summoned to appear before a high military tribunal. Before high ranking army officers, I refused to sign any more yellow papers and was therefore subsequently sentenced to a concentration camp for five years.

“I remained in that accursed place for four long years. However, I was more convinced every day that the German people would not long suffer the atrocities to which

they were submitted.

"I was right; for when the war broke out, which war we had been told would never come, much discontent arose. Of course, this was promptly suppressed through the medium of the firing squad and by a veritable blanket of propaganda.

"Finally this discontent, of which I speak, grew to such a fever that the government was forced to order mass executions to protect itself. The people would stand no more of this treatment.

"In November of 1943, the great revolution took place. By January of 1944 the Third German Reich

had come to an end.

"Thus did the injustices and unsympathetic attitude of the government, as typified in the story of Hans Stronheim, contribute to its own downfall. The factor, of course, being the growing strength of Great Britain aided by the United States.

"May we hope that the new Germany will leave as its contribution to history a record of achievements based on a true Christian spirit and a love and tolerance in their dealings with their fellow men."

Warren Smith, '42

A Donation

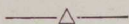
What was considered to be a thoughtful and useful gift was made by the local Post 153 American Legion, when they donated a rescue boat to the Peabody Fire Department. The near drowning of two youths at Brown's Pond in which Peabody had to borrow Lynn's rescue boat clearly showed that Peabody needed special equipment for such occasions.

The boat is of metal structure, with a large air tank under the seat at each end. This device makes the boat unsinkable. It is painted aluminum outside and emerald green inside. The Legion Seal has a prominent place at the bow. We wouldn't want any more near tragic accidents, but if one should occur, the new boat can be successfully used.

Anthony Pinto, '44.

"An absence of desires is the greatest of wealth."

Seneca.



"Tell me your associates; I will tell you what you are; tell me what you busy yourself about, I will tell

you what is to be expected of you.

Goethe.



"He that has learned to obey will know how to command."

Solon.

Closed Doors

Closed doors seem to be forever confronting us and forever challenging us. Many times a closed door has been a symbol denoting the line drawn between that which we have and that which we wish to have.

It is inconceivable that we can open all the doors we meet, but I sincerely believe that with only a little more effort a great many more doors would bare their secrets to us.

So many people say that opportunity's door is closed too tightly for the youth of today, but how many of us honestly endeavor to open it? How many even stop to knock? The door to opportunity can always be opened if one stops to find and use the key. So many doors could be opened if only the keys were to be had.

However, it is not the way of life that the keys be laid out on a rack all labeled and ready for use. Each key to each shiny or rusty lock is hidden well, and it requires patience and hard work to find the right key to fit each door.

It takes all kinds of persons to make a world and all kinds of keys

to open doors. If all the locks in the world were the same and everyone might have a key there would be no sense in locking anything up and there would be no value in the lock and key. So it is with life! If each and everyone could unlock the massive doors, the hidden treasures would lessen in value and by continual contact soon become commonplace.

Too many of us expect that as we approach any door it should swing open to receive us. But if there were no challenge to overcome, nothing to incite us, we should become lazy and indifferent people. It is well known that human nature tends to make us yearn, more deeply for something just beyond our reach or grasp and it is largely because of our unquenchable curiosity, driving us on that we attain new heights.

New inventions, new discoveries and unexplored regions will always lie just over the threshold inviting us to step over and in. Always there will be closed doors, opening only to those who have earned the way.

Carolyn A. Bliss, '42.

"They have learned nothing and forgotten nothing."

Talleyrand.

—△—

"From the sublime to the ridi-

culous there is but a step."

Napoleon.

—△—

"I failed; therefore, according to all justice, I was wrong."

Napoleon.



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Front row, left to right: John Veronese, Treasurer; June Gulliford, Vice-president; James Caravolas, President; Geraldine Bisson, Secretary. Rear row, left to right: Frank Kolodziej, Claire Brawley, Leonard Staid, Martha Quinlan, Lawrence Marques, June Holder.

The Stream

As
 It starts,
 Just a trickle,
 Bubbling merrily
 Over stones, but
 Not too seriously,
 Then it widens—yes!
 Widens and widens——
 Always gaining speed.
 Then it falls, it leaps,
 It dashes, rolls, and spins,
 Now going madly onward——
 Onward — onward — onward —
 As a roaring, rushing, gushing
 Stream it dashes madly downward.
 Yet it is always widening——
 Widening——widening——widening——
 Now it's slowing up——now it's slower,
 But always rolling onward. Slowing up——
 Less and less its speed——Now it carries
 Boats——now larger boats and even larger boats,
 Ah! Now it is the great wide river——great and
 Mighty river——floating ships of oceans great, but
 It is moving forward, moving onward, never ceasing, never
 Pausing, always moving, wending its way 'til it meets the sea—
 'Til it IS the sea——Oh great and mighty ocean! There it rolls,
 There it breaks against the shore, each wave rolling over rocks and
 Sand retreating only to meet another. And 'til the earth does cease
 To turn and the winds do cease to blow——then, and only then, will
 The stream, stop forever moving onward——onward——ONWARD.

Elaine DeCoulos, '41.

"Liberty must be limited in order
 to be enjoyed."

Burke.

"Confidence is a plant of slow
 growth."

Lord Chatham.

"I will find a way or make one."

Hannibal.

Peabody High School Observer

Vol. XVIII

April, 1941

No. 2

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The Easter Spirit

The religious holidays of recent years throughout the Christian world have been grievously feeling the effect of today's materialistic life. The observance of these feast-days has been to a great extent defiled by personal greed and the desire of power and wealth — two evils which have not spared the sacred sanctuary of religious devotion. The true spirit of Easter has been sacrilegiously displaced by the false worldly practises under the guise of the spirit of the season.

The various peoples inhabiting this globe have always had divers customs for the celebrating of the Easter season; however, they have ever been of a religious nature. The mundane evils have of late, we must concede, been relentlessly abolishing the original reverence attached to the Easter season

The response to the chord which the thought of Easter strikes in the mind of the modern person is far removed from any spiritual trend. The course of our thought diverges from the intended sacred observance of the season to today's "streamlined" customs.

Why should so much popularity be reflected upon the best-dressed person in the Easter parade? In such a custom there can seethe only jealousy and envy amongst the conceited rivals for popular attention.

The person who is clad in the spirit of devotion towards the Saviour wears the true raiments of the season and is blessed with the divine respect and with the good will of the Supreme Being he reveres.

J. L. W., '41

Spring and The Senior

With ever-diminishing patience the senior has been regarding the belated approach of the most delightful of seasons — Spring. The

mere mention of the word "Spring" brings to his mind visions of graduation exercises and the last farewell to a treasure of fond mem-

ories, our own beloved Alma Mater, which shall ever be an inexhaustible resource of pleasant recollections to fill our future years with not infrequent moments of pleasure.

Contrary to the customs of nature Spring produces a very pronounced effect upon the senior. Spring, as the very name suggests, has derived the connotative meaning of the season of the year in which all of nature springs to life and having cast off the frozen cloak of winter, glistens in all its burgeoning grandeur. The great outdoors blossoming forth dons its blanket of green verdure and with its fascinating beauty sets artists' brushes aswishing and poets' pens ascratching. The icy blasts of winter seem to have chilled father time causing his relentless pace to falter and retarding his progress.

Right in vogue the advent of spring is a signal for the frenzied nations across the sea to spring at

each other's throats and deface the beauties of that season in a sea of blood and in a tide of carnage and destruction.

The prospective graduate, however, is lulled into a lethargy by the soothing presence of this beautiful season. Assured of a diploma he contentedly harbors himself in some complacent shelter as the current of life rushes by. That energy which faithfully served him and supported him throughout his secondary school career has at last subsided and he finds himself gliding along to his goal on the ebbing tide of his previous industrious efforts.

Rather than an ointment to assuage our spirits in a false contentment founded on idleness, let the beauties of spring be a stimulus to inspire our wavering ambition with a fresh fire of energy—an incentive to propel us along the last happy stretch to a realized aim.

J. L. W., '41

Waste

Little is the concern of the average American in regard to waste. He views the natural resources of this wealthy land as an inexhaustible reservoir to supply his every need. The natural wealth of this land, though vast, is not inexhaustible and with this fact in mind every effort should be made to con-

serve this wealth, even on the minutest scale.

The immigrant to these shores is struck aghast by the degree of waste which greets him in an avalanche as it envelops him on all sides. This fact is borne out in the autobiography of Edward Bok which it was my pleasure to read

several years ago. This book illustrates most forcefully to the blind American the inexcusable amount of waste in which the American citizen indulges. New York City in which Edward Bok established his residence in this country especially impressed him because there is, comparatively speaking, more waste in that city than in any other in this country.

It was our intention upon writing this article to give the reader some vague picture of the presence of this evil in our own Peabody High school. Unfortunately, some of the unthinking members of the high school student body are not afforded many opportunities for indulging in any unnecessary waste. However, these few immediately take advantage of their favorable moments and as a result this waste is present in several forms.

"Paper is cheap" is a popular expression, and this belief is put into practice quite well. It is wise to have enough paper to satisfy your need and it is using a little foresight to have a small, but sufficient reserve supply on hand in case an unforeseen emergency arises. This is all very well. However, there is a certain element which believes in "grabbing" his

share of the paper which the school supplies him and a couple of other fellows' share to boot. One's patience is sorely tried when such a person after "laying away" a year's supply persists in borrowing a sheet or two of good composition paper to use it as scrap paper for scratching out a couple of words.

We ask ourselves how Abraham Lincoln would regard such a practice.

The paper towels in the basement are another victim of the waster's vengeance. These are too often strewn about the basement floors detracting from the general appearance and not making the basement very presentable to a possible visitor.

Even when an opportunity is granted this troublesome person to throw his waste paper, such as the wrappings of his lunch, he does not dispose of it in the correct manner by making use of the containers and receptacles provided for this purpose, but prefers usually to cause some other person needless trouble by furtively dropping it where he may be standing. At least let us all remember that a little thoughtfulness and consideration for others is always highly appreciated.

J. L. W., '41

"Haughtiness lives under the same roof with solitude."

Plato.

"I was never less alone than when alone, nor less at leisure than when at leisure."

Scipio Africanus.



CAST OF "OPERATOR 23"

Back row, left to right: Allen Hingston, Melvin Merken, Lawrence Essember, Myer Erlich, Boyd Murphy, Director D. Edward Gorman, Arthur Davidson, Arthur Lynch, Edward Kozwich, Marion Staples. Front row, left to right: Peggy Swartz, Miriam Kuusisto, Loretta LaPointe, Carolyn Bliss, Hope Hardy.

"Along The Corridors"

Hello Student Body! Here we are again with the Easter Issue of "Along the Corridors"—hoping to bring you a better and more enjoyable column.

* * * *

The Senior Strand Nite certainly was a success, and upon every member of the cast, we bestow congratulations for putting on a splendid show. Miss O'Keefe deserves a great deal of credit for her untiring efforts in making Strand Nite a huge success, and this column

wants to express the Seniors' gratitude.

* * * *

Best wishes for success to Shirley Tedford and to Geraldine Bisson on their securing positions before graduation. We wish them the best of luck and happiness.

* * * *

The Senior Class has seen so many photographs in the past few months that they are dizzy, and all you hear them call for is aspirins. But all in all, every Senior is satisfied with his and her pictures.

Seniors Attention! ! ! Take a little more notice of those scholarships on the bulletin board if you plan to go to college. Read them, and decide before its too late.

* * * *

Stephen Antonio visited the Gainsboro Studio the other day, and asked if he could have a picture of himself in an usher's uniform — (he's the handsome usher everybody sees at the Empire theatre) — displayed in the lobby below the studio. The photographer said it would cost five dollars per month. Stephen whistled at this price, and asked how much would it cost for three days. The photographer then told him it wouldn't cost anything, and that he would see what he could do. Stephen was only trying to give a little publicity for the Empire Theater.

* * * *

Crash! During a recent snow fight at recess, in which about 25 students were engaged, a snow ball intended for Max Krawchuck, missed and hit one of the door windows! In one second-flat, the yard was completely deserted, and just the silent breeze remained to witness the "tragedy".

* * * *

The Seniors are waiting in eager anticipation for the announcing of the 1941 Honor Students. We have our choices and guesses, but will not reveal them. Let's hope they are the ones of whom we are thinking.

* * * *

Many students do not know what George Peabody, for whom our honorable city was named, looks

like. There is a picture of him between 103 and 104.

* * * *

The Senior Class is very proud of the fact that three Seniors are ushers in three different local theaters: Edward Ambraziwitch, at the Peabody Strand Theater; Richard Malone, at the Salem Plaza; Stephen Antonio, at the Salem Empire.

* * * *

Everyone was glad when the Mid-Years were over. There was a lot of cramming the nights before the tests, and it almost appeared that on these nights Peabody was deserted.

* * * *

The report cards were given out so unexpectedly, that one didn't have a chance to start worrying what his marks would be.

* * * *

Let's hope we all get good eggs when Mr. Easter Rabbit visits our homes; — or should I say, let's hope we all get eggs and then worry? — If you want a cheerful thought to toy around with, think of the nice weather that's coming now that "Ole Man Winter" has packed his bags and left us. Or if you don't think it's nice weather just meditate upon this fact: Just three more Sundays and we will be having a whole hour more of daylight.

* * * *

Well, words are failing me, so I guess I'll leave you until the June edition, and GRADUATION for the Class of '41! ! !

* * * *

See you in June. . . A. R., '41

HONOR ROLL

January and February

SENIORS**Highest Honors**

Those receiving A or B in all subjects

Catherine Shevchuk	Celeste Paes	Frederick Gates
Boyd Murphy	Frances Petcavitch	George Laakso
Eleanor Lawrence	William Skahill	Ruth Holmes
Shirley Tedford	Shirley Shneider	Steven Antonio
Jean Miller	Amelia Lawrence	James Lalikos
Joseph Wilkinson	Elizabeth Falkingham	
Geraldine Bisson	Leonard Sogoloff	

Honorable Mention

Those receiving A or B in all subjects with one exception

Leo Abell	Heien Nowak	Elaine DeCoulas
Robert Berry	Roger Batchelder	John Sullivan
John LaBelle	Priscilla Spicer	Helen Goos
Margaret McCarthy	Myer Erlich	William Safchuk
Olga Semenya	Carmelina Mallia	Norma King
Anna Sullaway	Helen Bodge	

JUNIORS**Highest Honors**

Those receiving A or B in all subjects

Lewis Bettencourt	Florence Grayton	Doris Rabinovitz
Bernice Bouchard	Leona LeBlanc	Bernice Ripley
Lawrence Essember	Aristotle Vontzalides	Freida Skrep
Victor Havian	Muriel Olsen	Stavroula Spyropoulos
Florence Bulygo	Elda Parker	Marion Staples
Barbara Clare	Mary Petcavitch	
Andrew Lalikos	John Woodbury	

Honorable Mention

Those receiving A or B in all subjects with one exception

Betty Aldus	Joanne Ingalls	Mary Mallia
Martha Allen	Mary Killeen	Ruth Mizner
Carolyn Bliss	Selwyn Reed	Rita Moquin
Eleanor Curran	Robert Sanger	Jan Murphy
Edwina Espinola	Sophie Lachowicz	Katina Paganis
Muriel Geer	Loretta LaPointe	Marie Sweeney
Hope Hardy	Anna Linehan	Mary Zourelis

SOPHOMORES**Highest Honors****Those receiving A or B in all subjects**

Magdalene Alevras	Angelo Mouhtouris	Charles Saxonis
Frederica Donahue	Roberta Millberry	Charles Speliotis
Jacqueline Doody	Margaret Mullane	Sally Press
Cynthia Field	Mary Nickitopoulos	Platon Vontzalides
Lois Janvier	Catherine Pantazopoulos	William Young
Nancy King	Jean Partridge	Peggy Swartz
Phyllis Levchuk	Joan Partridge	

Honorable Mention**Those receiving A or B in all subjects with one exception**

Paul Apostolides	Victor Laties	Michael Panagopoulos
Helen Baschuk	John Lynch	Ruth Miller
Peter Katsulas	Stella Kondon	Frank Roche
Betty Finegold	Annette Lampert	Priscilla Washburn
Eleanor Goldman	Theodore Miller	Dorothy Wiggin
Sara Havian	Amelia Lebed	Eleanora Michelazzo
Evelyn Jackson	Phyllis Matsur	

FRESHMEN**Highest Honors****Those receiving A or B in all subjects**

Francis Aldus	Gunnar Koskinen	Melvin Osepchuk
James Argeros	Miriam Kuusisto	Marjorie Powell
Shirley Better	Thelma LeBlanc	Melvin Pierce
George Campbell	Barbara Lees	Edith Rosenstein
Anna Cokalis	Henry Lawrence	William Trask
Priscilla Grant	Fred Lindgren	Nicholas Zolotas
John Hollingsworth	Mary Marrs	Mary Waters
Francis Kosidlak	Shirley Newton	Laura Wood
Muriel Kaster	Thelma Nyman	Elizabeth Whiting

Honorable Mention**Those receiving A or B in all subjects with one exception**

Charles Anezis	William Kajos	Robert Meagher
Edith Freedman	Rose Lajoie	Daniel Randall
Antonio Galopin	Arlene Larrabee	Charles Ravaris
Phyllis Gilman	Nancy Larrabee	Raymond Sawchuk
Augustus Gomes	Helen Lehto	Andrew Spiliotis
Alice King	John MacDonald	William Welch
Ruth Kirstein	Mary Meade	

FLASH!

Hail to our Peabody High School Girls' Basketball Team, New England Champions! As we go to press we learn with considerable satisfaction of the unprecedented success of our 1941 Girls' Basket-

ball Team. Their picture is to be found on Page 34 of this issue. The picture is suitable for framing and worthy of a frame of gold studded with diamonds. We hope to tell the whole story in our next issue. Merely for the record!

CHRONICLES

Dear Diary:

Here we are again to inform you of all the highlights and happenings of the past few months.

—△—

Jan. 2 Many faces are a little gloomy this morning but the doors of our school are wide open to receive the students who have returned from the Christmas vacation. Cheer up, another vacation in February!

—△—

Jan. 20 The Senior class is indeed fortunate this morning in being able to hear the third inaugural speech of President Roosevelt. Since this is an unprecedented occasion in our history, the students are thankful for this opportunity to hear President's Roosevelt's historic address.

—△—

Feb. 4 Today marks the beginning of mid-year examinations, which were postponed for a week because of widespread illness among the student body and faculty. Naturally, the entire student body has been burning the mid-night oil.

Cheer up, folks, and be patient until report cards are distributed — that'll be plenty of time to begin to worry.

—△—

Feb. 7 Rain or shine, the show must go on! Yes, that's the motto of the Dramatic Guild, and particularly on this stormy night. Members of the Guild, ac-

companied by Mr. D. E. Gorman, director, and Miss Kathleen Hallihan of the office staff, went to see Walt Disney's "Fantasia." Deems Taylor in his role of music critic, composer, author and radio commentator, played an important part in this film. No doubt, many of us would not have been able to appreciate the music, under the direction of Leopold Stokowski, had there been no explanation, such as Deems Taylor had given.

—△—

Feb. 13 Today the pupils who have behaved well, and not been tardy for the past few weeks were well rewarded for their efforts. Those students, enjoyed the first assembly, since the beginning of the second half of the school term. We had the privilege of having with us the most popular of W. P. A. Bands. This morning was devoted entirely to classical music, with comments on the life and works of the composers.

The student narrators included Philip Bresnahan, Carolyn Bliss, Melvin Murkin, "Peggy" Swartz, Edwina Espinola and George Rizzone.

—△—

Feb. 18 Time— Tuesday evening, 8 p. m.; Place—Strand Theatre; Occasion—Senior Strand Night.

It was indeed a gala event, and one of the most successful affairs of this type. Through the coopera-

tion of both students and teachers, and many weeks of constant rehearsal, the evening proved most entertaining. Sam Smidt acted as Master of Ceremonies while Leonard Staid was present in the role of Walter Winchell. One of the most outstanding was the fire-eating act which was presented by John Sullivan. Other participants included Barbara Randall, Louise Balligan, Alice Daniels, Philip Bresnahan, Jackie Bellew, Leo Abel, Shirley Newton, Roslyn Shaktman, Leonard Sogoloff, Pete Vrettos, Edward Tybure, and Evelyn Nichols.

Among the group features were the "Conga"; those unforgettable ballet dancers composed of our most charming boys, and the "Sewing Trio" with Laura Woods, pianist; Maurice Petit-Clerc, drums; Robert Chandler, trumpet.

Feb. 20 Two assemblies were held this morning. The first assembly was conducted by the Fisher school, and only students of the Commercial department attended.

The second was a general assembly for the whole school. The Camera Club under the supervision of Mr. James Carlin presented a film entitled, "Road to Washington."

Feb. 21 Once again, we are fortunate enough to have another assembly, and we must admit that this has been an enjoyable week, with assemblies, Strand Night—and classes.

Today's assembly is dedicated to

those two great statesmen, George Washington and Benjamin Franklin.

Mar. 5 The Senior Class attended a vocational assembly this morning. It was for the purpose of enlightening students as to what schools and colleges were offering scholarships, and just how one may apply for them. Our vice principal, Mr. J. H. Higgins conducted this informal assembly and also spoke on the subject of schools and colleges, in general.

Mar. 27 This morning the entire student body attended two assemblies sponsored by the Camera Club, under the direction of Mr. James Carlin. The two pictures shown were "Modern Eden" and "Brighter Times Ahead."

FACULTY CHANGES

May we take this opportunity to apologize for omitting the names of those new teachers on our school faculty since September. They are Miss Cornelia Sheehan, Miss Eileen Doody, and Miss Marie Coyle, in the English, Commercial and Science departments respectively. Also newly added on our school faculty is Mr. Charles Carlin, who replaced Miss Virginia Hayes in March.

May we at this time extend our heartiest welcome on their arrival to the Peabody High school, and may we express the hope that their work here will be as pleasant for them, as it will be profitable for us.

HONOR PARTS FOR GRADUATION

On Thursday, March 27, the honor parts for the graduation exercises were announced by Mr. Barry, principal.

The following were named as honor students: Eleanor Lawrence, valedictorian; Joseph Wilkinson salutatorian, Shirley Tedford and Jean Miller.

In alphabetical order, the other students are: Theodore Andromidas, Geraldine Bisson, Irene Lackowicz, and Anna Sullaway.

A list comprising those pupils receiving honorable mention will be announced at a later date.

May we extend our congratulations to the winners of scholastic honors. We sincerely wish them success in their chosen field.

First Floor Flounderings

Ah Spring! beautiful spring! When a young man's fancy turns — at the drop of a handkerchief!

T'won't be long before Reception time will be here. I wonder who'll furnish the music this year — I hear from a reliable source that Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, and Kay Kyser will be afforded offers — Well, anyway, we can always brag that we were refused by the best **bands**.

Look alikes:—

Phyllis Dalton—Arlene Buckley.

I've seen some daffy looking dips in "mah day" but the topper (that's a hat) that "Willie" LeBlanc totes around rates the blue ribbon. It looks like something that got caught in an argument at a bargain counter!

Salute to the silent sphinxes of '41—

William Safchuck

Nellie Vierra

Freddie Gates

George Laakso

Prudence Siano

These kids' idea of a long conversation is "hello!"

Hat's Off Debt:

We extend our palm and doff our lid to the "ole red head," John Paul Veronese. "Red's" fast thinking and even faster acting were responsible in checking the flow of blood from the wrist of the unfortunate Leonard Marshall. This deed only added to Veronese's already overflowing qualities. "Red", if you don't already know it, is one of the best-natured fellows

in this man's school — and so our hats are off to him.

We asked Boyd "Porky" Murphy what he thought of the war situation — "pretty Greecy", popped Murphy. Kinda corny — but what do you expect from G. K. Chesterton's little admirer?

There'll come a day when "Lenny" Staid will wear one outfit two days in succession.

Charlie Gargas will stop looking like Johnny Gargas.

"Tweet" Bird will get those harem ideas out of his head.

SO LONG UNTIL "JUNE"

"Lennie" Sogoloff, '41

What is it that Vera Krochmal would like to study in room 107 every 5th period?

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Fay Stevens—not talking.

Charlotte Riordan—being on time.

Chuck Burns—without his unique supply of "wise cracks".

Ginnie Maher—fish not affecting her.

Eleanor Lawrence—dumb.

Patrick Soraghan—smiling at the girls.

Irene Lachowicz—not sweet.

Claire Brawley—liking someone besides Karlo.

Karlo Laitinen—noisy.

Phyllis Dalton—messy.

Muggsie Markham—tall.

Gerry Bisson—Sophisticated.

Bertha Kowalski—not giggling.
 Eddie O'Hara—not liking the girls.
 Jean Miller—liking short boys.
 Rusty Veronese—blond.
 Millie Dunajski—looking at and falling for
 the Peabody boys.

What senior girl who was reputed to
 have an interest in Salem at Strand night
 continuously hums that popular tune
 "Billy?" How about it Goosie?

SONGS:

Lazy Bones—Bob Jacques.
 You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby—
 Shirley Tedford.

Two Dreams Met—Helena Collins and
 Lawrence Marques

Oh! Girls, We'll Get 'Long—Bob Henry.

You're in My Heart Alone — Addy
 Limauro.

Our Love Affair—Esther Brady and
 Buddy Reid.

McNamara's Band—P. H. S. Band.

Beautiful Dreamer—Eleanor Lawrence.

We'll Never Smile Again—Mr. Cuddire's
 4th period.

Smiles—Emma Lowe.

I. L.; C. B.; et. al., 41.

JUNIOR JIBES

I think we will all agree that L. Casper
 seems to have a different outlook on
 life, since she has been keeping company
 with college students. (Not co-eds).

An Apology

We sincerely hope that the OBSERVER
 notes were not the cause of the quarrel
 between J. Keon and "Fanny" Stocker.

Why is Helen Michelick so interested
 in the rules and regulations of Army life?
 But then, it seems that she is not the only
 one who is.

Remember 6th period French pupils, —
 we would if we could but we — can.

We wonder why Phil Bresnahan was
 foolish enough to refuse to escort Barbara
 Stevens to the balcony on Strand Night.
 Bashful "Bressie"??

We have been told that "Wally" Line-
 han has been consulting Community Opti-
 cians lately on how to improve his eye-
 sight. Since we know "Wally" isn't inter-
 ested in Latin, we take it that the "cute"
 blonde in 110 has quite an affect on him.

The New England Telephone Company
 has asked us to issue the following warn-
 ing. Quote: "The lines running to the
 residence of Miss Irma Gourley have been
 exceedingly busy during the past few
 weeks; if this practice does not stop or
 at least moderate, serious action will be
 taken." How about it Phil C?

What have the boys at St. John's Prep
 (such as R. Bradley) got that the P. H. S.
 boys haven't? Perhaps Kay Bliss can give
 us the answer. What about it Kay?

When will the Allen twins stop talking
 about Nantucket?

By the way, who ordained the Peabody
 Institute Library as the official meeting
 place of all puppy lovers?

Has B. Ripley again become interested
 in that tall, dark, and handsome Irish-
 man in 208?

In the last issue of the OBSERVER we
 mentioned the resemblance (seen by Flor-
 ence Bulygo) between Pete Foristall and
 Clark Gable. We wonder if someone
 would be kind enough to tell us who Mr.
 Brennan (of Salem) resembles.

We are beginning to wonder where
 Danny Mullane learned so much about
 cosmetics that he can tell a certain young
 lady how her make-up should be applied.
 Yes, we mean Vivian, Danny.

ATTENTION

We Juniors had better all stick together
 or we will all get "stuck" individually.
 Naturally, I am referring to OUR financial
 condition NEXT year and OUR prom
 THIS year.

L. Essember, '42

SOPHOMORE SLANTS

Some stupid students sit silent as sphinxes, subconsciously submerged in several semesters of serious study. Cheer up, kids, mid-years are over.

Now that spring is in the air, don't let spring fever get you down. Ask Roberta Millberry for her definition of it. It's good!

Where is the gang who formerly "hung out" in 302? We haven't heard from them yet this year.

Who ever said that the Sophomore class lacks good-looking boys? Take a stroll down by Room 206 or 207 some morning, and see what our class has to offer.

Question of the Week:

How can Shirley Dullea get any homework done in her homeroom with two boys always leaning on her desk? Shirley contends that they are helping her.

Yes, folks, Jackie Higson has resumed his pastime of writing poems about his fellow students. But now he has a couple of associates, who seem to be in good form. They can take any incident and write a poem on it. We hope to publish some of them in the next edition.

We wish to add to the musical album of P. H. S., the name of Galen Wentworth. Not only is he a member of the school band and orchestra, but Galen has a band of his own. Good luck, Galen.

Happening in Gym:

Miss Riley—Take partners for dancing.

Jean Partridge—I haven't got a partner.

Miss Riley—Well, take your other half, she hasn't one either.

Ask "Billy" Cody about the cooking lesson he gave the English class on "How to Boil an Egg". It's too bad that he didn't demonstrate it as he went along.

The Sophomore class is well represented in the girls' basketball teams. Maybe that accounts for the team's success this season.

Ray Dumas seems to be quite handy with a needle and thread. He recently demonstrated his skill to an awed audience.

Just what was that "reptile", that Freddy Donahue wore around her neck, made of? Your guess is as good as mine.

There'll Come a Day When—

Louise Kelly will lose her comb.

Walter Hague will stop "robbing the cradle".

Phyllis Levchuk will get a "B".

Alice Hardy will grow.

Jacqueline Doody will stop talking about "Johnny from Holyoke."

Arnold Murray will use his blue eyes to advantage.

Mary Burke will talk loud enough to be heard.

Is it any wonder that the circulation at the Library has increased 98% since the addition of a few Sophomore members to the staff?

It has also been noticed that Virginia Walsh has taken an added interest in present-day fiction. At least that is the impression one would get.

What is it that Sara Garebedian is so anxious to keep out of this column?

Can anyone even guess who both Alice Georges and Helen Chigas like? It is a popular Junior; so, you Junior girls, watch out!

Where did "Lenny" Jones learn how the Campfire Girls build their campfires? Or maybe it was a Girl Scout who showed him.

And so, we sign off until next time, when we hope to bring you another column about other Sophomores. Certainly more of you have news for this column; so we'll try to get it between now and then.

Anne M. Gilmore, '43

FRESHMAN FOIBLES

FRESHMAN BOOKSHELF

- "Daddy Long Legs".....Melvin Merken
 "Ladies Delight".....Gerald Dahl
 "Blondie".....Thelma Nyman
 "Pretty as a Picture".....Miriam Kuusisto
 "If I Were King".....Robert Prince
 "Man About Town".....George Campbell
 "Sweet Little Rose".....Shirley Rose
 "Alice in Wonderland".....Alice King
 "Chatterbox".....Jack Mulchay
 "Naughty But Nice".....Marilyn Gness
 "Three Cheers for the Irish"
 (so appear) Billy Meagher, Billy Welch
 and Chocolate
 "Married??".....Laura Wood
 "My Man".....Tina Pisano
 "They'll Never Quit"

- Muriel Kaster and Melvin
 "The Captive".....Arthur Daveas, (He'd
 "gab" his way out)
 "My Hat! My Hat!".....Lester Matthews
 "Cold and Hot".....All the Freshman Boys

—△—
 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer certainly should call at the door of Norrine Whiting to draw characters for their animated cartoons. During English History she draws pictures she claims to be those of human beings. But Oh!

—△—
 From their sly little glances at each other Jack M. and Ruth K., have been holding the limelight with their cute "puppy love" affair.

—△—
 Walter Winchell gives orchids and my equivalents, roses, go expressly to Laura Wood and other members of the Freshmen Class who took part in Senior Strand Night and performed so creditably!

—△—
 I have been asked where T. N., comes in as a heart-throb of J. D. Just where does she come in Jerry?

—△—
 Though the school year is approaching a close, the faces of the Algebra students still look as blank as they did at the first day of school. See what Algebra does for you!!!

"And we wish the Yankees a lucky year" ended a topic given by a certain Freshman recently. The boy looked longingly at his teacher as if to say "Did that get me an A?"

P. S. I betcha a nickel it did!

—△—
 "Bobby" Olsen's current heart throb seems to be a puzzle. Who is it Bob, "Connie" OR "Tina"?

—△—
 Billy Freeman has bobbed up with a nice new curl where there formerly appeared none. We wonder if "Eadie" had anything to do with it.

—△—
 Here's an avocation for you merry boys and girls during study period. Select the Freshman boy or girl you think would be most fitting for the following titles: Sweetest Girl, Most Original Boy, Person with best personality, (Both boy and girl), Best looking (boy and girl). Let's hear your results. Give your selections to your Freshman Editor. Please!

—△—
 The sun has a competitor in "Dickie" King now. Gosh you take a look at his hair sometime. Wow!!

—△—
 English History has of late revealed to us a lot of orators who think they know something. Among them are Charles Ravaris and Arthur Doveas. You should hear Arthur and Charlie argue in class, boy they make a pair.

—△—
 Different shows of late have revealed to us a great amount of talent in the Freshman class. We still have a lot of talent undiscovered in our class. Come on kids let's show the upper classmen that we've got it in us!

—△—
 During our first half of the year the Science class couldn't get along without the voice of "Professor" Prince, but now if you can find his voice in Civics class you would be performing a miracle.

I hear tell the "Man About Town", George Campbell has been courting a certain Elda Parker. How about it "Soupy?"

John V., and Robert T., take delight in displaying the pictures of Ernestine B., and Barbara B., respectively. Gee, doesn't "love" do queer things to you?

Thelma LeBlanc has been receiving a lot of attention from a certain Senior lately. Don't look now but I think that's

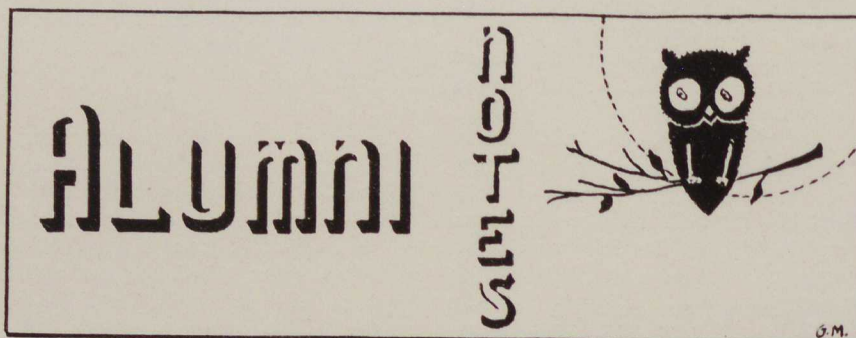
Jack Davidson over there in the corner blushing!

By the time this column next reaches you, we will be well on our way to war becoming sophomores; so P. H. S. watch out! The class of "44" is coming through.

Even teachers have caught on to Jack Cameron's nickname for he is occasionally greeted by them with a cheery "Hello Red."

Till We Meet Again——

Neil Wiggin '44



Class of 1934

Irving Staid, Class of '34, who graduated from the University of Alabama in 1939, is now employed as Chief Chemist in the Sunoco plant at Somerville.

Class of 1935

The many friends of Paul Gallagher, Jr., among both faculty and student body, were saddened by the sudden death of this popular member of the class of '35.

Myles Vernon is at present employed as chief printer at Galvin & Riley Printing Company, Boston, Mass.

Class of 1937

Everett "Moose" Wallace is resuming his studies as a senior at Wentworth University, where he is completing a course in tool-making.

Edwin Wilson, will soon become a full-fledged pharmacist. Edwin is in his last year at Massachusetts School of Pharmacy.

Seen daily along our corridors for the past few weeks are Philip Smyrniotes and Miss Bernice Hourihan, students of the Salem Teachers' College. They have com-

menced actual teaching of classes as part of their course in their Senior year at Salem.

Class of 1938

Edward Pierce, Jr., is enrolled at Burdett College in Boston, where he is studying bookkeeping and accounting.

Murray Miller, popular member of the class of '38, can be seen daily driving a truck for the L. & J. Express Company.

Highlights at Tufts, Medford, Massachusetts:

John Young, a popular junior at the Tuft's College Liberal Arts School, is majoring in chemistry and is doing excellent work, having appeared on the Dean's List since he entered the school. A quarterback on the Junior Varsity football squad, "Johnny" is member of the Tuft's Chemical Society.

Benjamin, "Bennie", Gaieski is busy studying biology and chemistry, possibly leading to a medical career. He is a member of the Tuft's Chemical Society. Dur-

ing baseball season, "Bennie" is very active behind the plate as varsity catcher on the baseball team.

Three scholarship awards, one every year, have been presented to Frank Galopin, now enrolled in the Electrical Engineering Course. Frank has very little time to himself as he is a member of the Tuft's Radio Society and is a junior member of The American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

Also pursuing the study of Electrical Engineering are Herbert Kaster, Tuft's Chemical Society; Herbert Merrow, a sophomore and recently pledged to the Zeta Psi Fraternity; and John Calomiris, a junior member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

Ernest Pelletier, Jr., has been doing creditable work in Electrical Engineering and has been awarded a scholarship this year. "Ernie" is also a junior member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

Congratulations once again to Charles A. Leach, Jr., one of our honor pupils of '38, who has recently been honored by his selection as a Phi Beta Kappa man at Brown University. "Charlie" is a junior at Brown and has been doing excellent work during his three years there.

Charles Papacostas is following in his father's footsteps. He is studying at the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy.

Class of 1938

Our valedictorian of '38, namely Barbara Holden, is appearing steadily on the Dean's List at Colby College.

Class of 1939

Sidney Mizner, valedictorian of the P. H. S. class of '39, is doing very well in his studies at the Tufts Liberal Arts School. He has not yet decided on a major subject, but he does not let this prevent him from being on the Dean's list.

"Carl" Bisson, popular member of his class, is now working as a mechanic at the Dole & Osgood Garage, Peabody, Mass.

The University of Maine sent us recently the welcome but not surprising news that Paul Newhall, Jr. was placed on the Dean's list. This is an honor that is

coveted by every college student.

"Buddy" Endslow is studying for the Priesthood at Epiphany Seminary, New York.

Edith Hutchinson has been employed at Woolworth's in Salem, Mass., for the past few months.

Agnes O'Hara is fulfilling her career as secretary in the office of the Allen-Howe Company, Peabody, Mass.

We were all grieved to learn of the death of Natalie Capinski.

Class of 1940

Phyllis Maguire, one of our most popular girls of 1940, is enjoying continued success in her first year at the Boston School for Medical Secretaries and Assistants. The school is located at Commonwealth avenue, Boston. Keep up your honor grades, Phyllis!

Phil Martineau, popular member of his class, is completing his secretarial training at Burdett College, Lynn, Massachusetts.

Lively "Dotty" Claffey, Secretary of her class, is now working behind the counter at Woolworths. No wonder they do a rushing business. She also attends Hawthorne Institute evenings, in an effort to further her secretarial training.

The office of the Empire Clothing Company is the fortunate recipient of the services of Stella Szary, honor student of the class of '40.

Freddie Lawrence and Sparks Dabreio, are furthering their high school education at the Boston Trade School.

Robert Buckley is enrolled as a freshman at Tufts College Engineering School, where he is doing excellent work as we had confidently expected.

Margaret Donlon, popular member of the class of '40, is enrolled in Burdett College, Lynn, Massachusetts. Best of luck to you, "Marg".

Our '40 representatives at the Salem Teachers' College are doing much as we expected, i. e., excellent work. Priscilla Hingston, we learn, is on the Dean's list; Anne Osepchuk and Benjamin Dandes are not far behind. Keep up the good work!



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM—NEW ENGLAND CHAMPIONS—1941
 Front row, left to right: Nikki Slavounos, Shirley Carney, Capt. Margaret McCarthy, Priscilla Spicer, Mgr. Joan Sigman, Eleanor Kiley. Rear row, left to right: Florence Bulygo, Helen Trodella, Phyllis Hollingsworth, Coach Helen Kiley, Martha Quinian, Shirley Massey. Roslyn Shaktman was not present when picture was taken.

Boys' Athletics

BASKETBALL

The fall and winter sport season of 1940-'41 has officially come to an end for the Peabody High Basketball season, and before we go on we wish to congratulate Coaches William Seeglit and Edward Donahue for their splendid work in putting out another successful team. The blue and white of Peabody won 10 and lost 6, a good record for the boys. The first team elected a different captain for each game and in this way dividing the responsibility of leadership through the season.

Lawrence Marques was high scorer along with Retos and Freedson following close behind.

Making up the victorious team of this year were: Stephen Themes, L.G.; Peter Retos, R.G.; Robert Henry, C; William Augusto, R.G.; Lawrence Marques, L.F.; Sam Freedson, L.F.; Everett Millea, L.G.; William Twist, L.G.; and George Houghton, R.F.

Each boy who played this year was given a chance to lead the boys and at the end of the year during the Arlington game at the Danvers Tournament they elected Peter Retos, junior at Peabody High, to Captain the Peabody team of next year. The school certainly joins with us in wishing him a very successful year come this January 1942.

Next year's team should prove even better than the 1941 group because of the experience gained during this year by the underclassmen who played an unusually prominent part in compiling a most satisfactory record for the season.

Individual Scoring Honors go to:

"A" Team

Lawrence Marques	94
Peter Retos	78
Sam Freedson	63
Everett Millea	53
William Augusto	53
Robert Henry	39
Stephen Bezemes	25

Stephen Themes	6
William Twist	2

Record of Peabody High Five

"A" Team

Peabody	30	Revere	29
Peabody	21	Woburn	19
Peabody	21	Salem	33
Peabody	29	Danvers	23
Peabody	33	Essex Aggies	31
Peabody	25	Woburn	23
Peabody	26	Essex Aggies	41
Peabody	26	Winthrop	27
Peabody	35	Newburyport	33
Peabody	24	Salem	34
Peabody	42	Danvers	36
Peabody	23	Lowell	24
Peabody	25	Winthrop	20

DANVERS TOURNAMENT

Peabody	24	20
Peabody	30	27
Peabody	29	35
443		455

Won — 10	Lost — 6
Points For	443
Points Against	455

Making Up the "B" Team Were:

John Drago, R.F.; George Houghton, R.F.; Albert Thibadeau, R.F.; Donald Wallace, L.F.; Chris Chigas, L.F.; Philip Dalton, L.F.; Roger Sawchuck, R.G.; Chris Ballas, R.G.; John Collins, L.G.; and Edward Vierra, Walter Kardentz, Daniel Costa, Anthony Pinto, Angelo Metaxatos, Stephen Bezemes, Stephen Themes, Edward Wilchinski, William Twist, Isadore Shineit.

Scoring Honors of "B" Team go to:

Stephen Themes	66
Stephen Bezemes	49
Edward Wilchinski	38
William Twist	34
Chris Chigas	30
George Houghton	3
John Drago	7

Roger Sawchuk	7	Peabody	31	Danvers	19
Edward Vierra	6	Peabody	38	Winthrop	24
Donald Wallace	6				
Albert Thibadeau	6		276		229
Angelo Metaxatos	5	Won —	7	Lost —	14
Walter Kardentz	3	For —	276	Against —	229
Anthony Pinto	1				
Isadore Shineit	5			Edward O'Hara, '41	

Record of Peabody High's "B" Team

Peabody	17	Woburn	18	At a recent meeting held at the Pea-
Peabody	12	Salem	29	body High School attended by representa-
Peabody	23	Danvers	14	tives of the various schools along the North
Peabody	29	Essex Aggies	10	Shore, Peabody was once again reinstated
Peabody	23	Woburn	7	into the Essex County Baseball and Bas-
Peabody	27	Essex Aggies	17	ketball League. This means that Peabody
Peabody	28	Winthrop	35	will once again be in there with other
Peabody	30	Newburyport	27	leading schools of this district.
Peabody	18	Salem	29	To those that didn't know it, Alfred
				Surman is to lead the Blue and White
				eleven on the gridiron next fall. Good
				Luck "Al."

Girls' Athletics

BASKETBALL

The basketball team of 1941 has been very successful this year with nine wins and only one loss, making the team the North Shore Champions. The group showed excellent team work and sportsmanship with all players being outstanding.

January 7

Peabody 60 Alumnae 38

In the opening game of the season the high school girls proved themselves to be the better team by defeating the older girls by a large score.

January 10

Peabody 41 Beverly 14

The Beverly girls came to Peabody only to be defeated. The perfect shooting of the three forwards, Shirley Carney, "Nikki" Slavounas and "Peg" McCarthy was the outstanding event in the game. The Peabody seconds were also victorious by defeating their opponents 28-21.

January 21

Peabody 31 Chevrus 20

The Peabody Sextet kept up their winning streak by defeating Chevrus

High of Malden on the local floor. The second team also won by 37-5.

January 28

Peabody 36 Marblehead 15

The Marblehead lasses were also defeated by the Peabody girls on the Peabody floor. The guarding of "Sis" Kiley and Joan Sigman proved to be outstanding. The forwards scored an equal number of baskets. The second teams of both schools battled to a 27-27 tie.

January 31

Peabody 14 Salem 12

With the excellent guarding of Priscilla Spicer, the Salem high scorer was allowed to make only four foul shots, thus the Peabody girls were victorious. The game was very exciting as the narrow score indicates. The Peabody seconds suffered their first defeat of the season to the Salem seconds by a score of 24-16.

February 3

Peabody 41 Topsfield 7

The "Tannerettes" won very easily over the Topsfield Girls' team. Topsfield,

one of our smaller neighbors, had no second team.

February 7

Peabody 12 Beverly 13
The Peabody lasses suffered their first defeat today by a narrow margin on the Beverly floor. The girls fought very hard, but the Beverly girls proved to be the masters. The seconds won by a score of 28-14.

February 10

Peabody 26 Topsfield 10
The Topsfield girls came to Peabody for the second meeting and the Coach Riley Girls defeated them for the second time.

February 13

Peabody 43 Marblehead 10
The Peabody Girls travelled to Marblehead and defeated the 'Headers. "Nikki" Slavounas was the high scorer of the game. The second team defeated the Marblehead girls by a close score of 28-22.

February 21

Peabody 29 Salem 26
The Peabody girls again defeated the Salem Witches in an exciting game. Shirley Carney did an excellent job at passing, thus making the game very fast. The Peabody seconds defeated the undefeated Salem seconds by a score of 27-11.

Three mainstays of the 1941 team will be lost by Graduation. The three are Capt. Margaret McCarthy, Mgr. Priscilla Spicer, and Shirley Carney. Remaining from this year's team are: Eleanor Kiley, Joan Sigman and Nikki Slavounas. The others whom Miss Riley is depending on are: Shirley Massey, Phyllis Hollingsworth, Jean and Joan Partridge, Marion Staples, Jane Merrow, "Tillie" Kovachuk, Olga Harrisonchuk, "Nellie" and Olga Krechmosowski, Florence Bulygo, Georgia Tolios, "Kitty" Paganis, and Phyllis Osgood.

Regular Second Team players who will be lost by graduation are Helen Trodella, Martha Quinlan, and Rosalyn Shaktman.

Banquet

For their supreme efforts on the waxed Courts the girls' basketball team was tendered a banquet, Monday, March 10. Coach Helen Riley was the hostess of the

occasion. A Chicken Pie supper was served. Invited guests were the Misses Anne Brownstone, Kathleen Hallahan and Ruth O'Keefe. At the banquet Miss Riley was presented a gift from the basketball team. An enjoyable evening was spent by those attending the affair.

Tournament

The Peabody High Girls will be entered in the second annual girls' basketball tourney for the N. E. Championship which will be held on March 14—through March 21.

Co-Captains 1942

Co-Captains for the 1942 basketball team were elected at the banquet. Captains "Sis" Kiley and "Nikki" Slavounas were chosen, while Joan Sigman was elected Manager. Loads of luck for next year's team, "Kids".

Locker Room Rumors

Did you see the art gallery in Miss Riley's office? — I think you would have noticed a striking resemblance to the girls they represented, some of the pictures were:

Joe Louis—"Slugger" Kiley.
Gorilla—"Siggie" Sigman.
Kitten—"Puss" Spicer.
Iron Man—"Peg" McCarthy.
Clown—"Crusher" Trodella.

Phyllis Hollingsworth, Shirley Carney can't wait to get out of school to "jitterbug". They bring the phonograph and dance in the locker room.—While she went to Florida to enjoy the summer atmosphere we certainly envied Muriel Hollingsworth, for we stayed at home and shoveled snow.—It has been rumored that the girls' showers are going to be fixed. Let's hope so!—Why does "Bully" Bulygo always go to Salem dances? Is it because of the Salem Football players?—Be careful how you joke when "Mart" Quinlan is present. "Mart", being very innocent, believes all that you say. (P. S.) Take it from one who knows. Hi Mart!—If you want any lessons in dancing just call on Nancy King, she's the outstanding dancer Wednesday, 6th period.—There must be something in a Red head—ask L. West and C. Bliss, they ought to know.—

M. A. M. '41.

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